

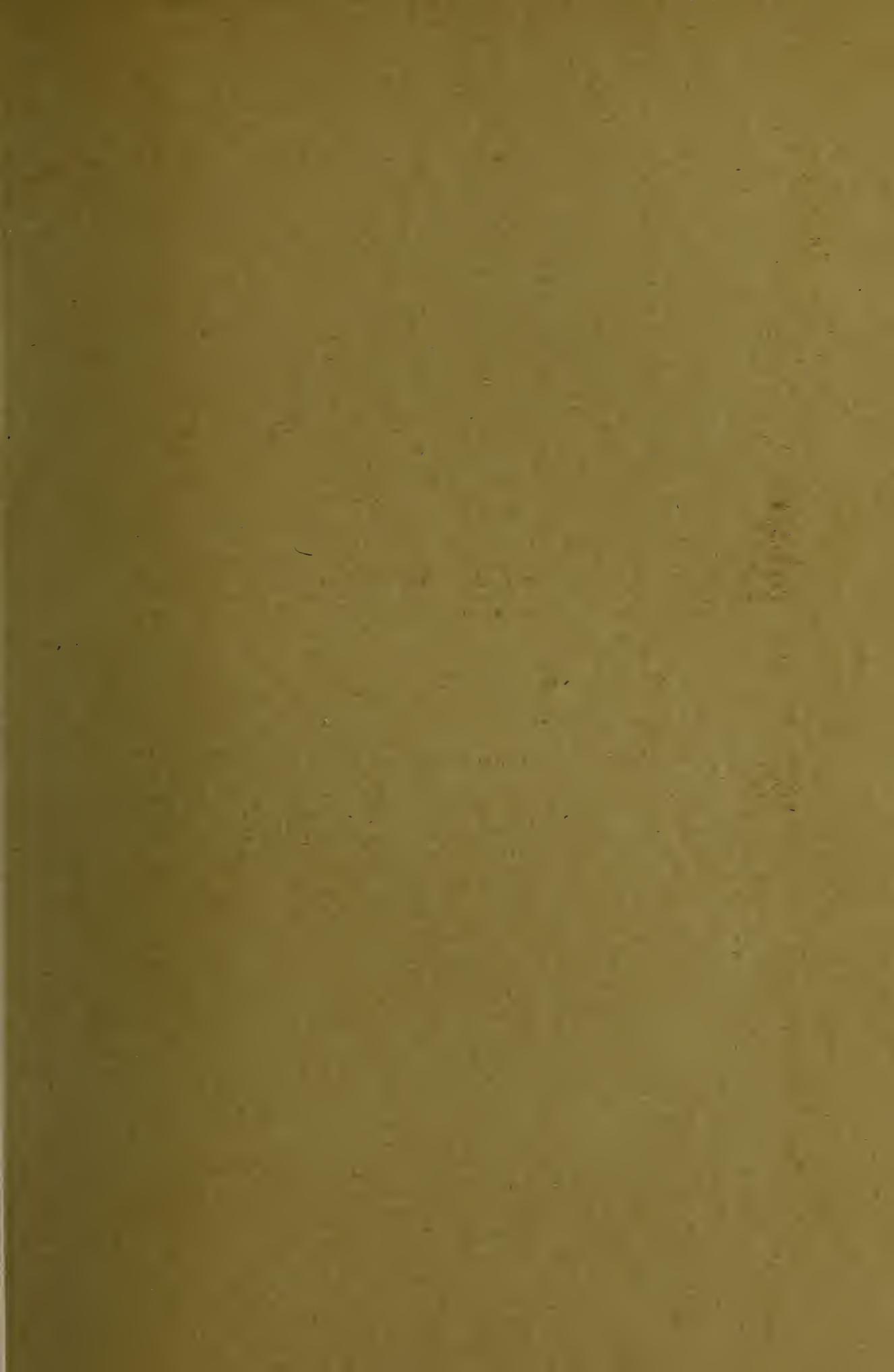


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A T H L E T I C   E D I T I O N







## Alma Mater

As Time's slow moving finger writes  
And reading back our Memory recalls  
The friendly faces and familiar sights  
And happy days we spent

Within these vine-clad walls,  
Dear Alma Mater, Time may write  
And years go stealing by,

But we will ever hold Thy Light  
The "Lamp of Truth and Knowledge"  
[high

by BARBARA S. DONELSON







A HAPPY CROWD



SWEEPING OFF THE WOMEN  
TIMES CHANGE



SHEIK NO. 1



THE STAFF



SHEIK NO. 2



AT COGSHALL PARK



A ROW OF VALENTINOS



# STATE NORMA-LITE

BRADY

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## NORMA-LITE STAFF

Editor-in-chief      BARBARA DONELSON  
Associate Editors    } MARY E. O'TOOLE  
                              } FRANCIS ROACHE  
Business Manager    FERDINAND TOUPENCE  
Artist                FRED GENTSCH

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GEORGE DRAPER            GUSTAVE LARSON  
RAY PELLETIER             SHIRLEY BOHAKER  
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### Contributors

MISS LAWLER              MARY O'TOOLE  
MR. CLANCY                FRANCIS ROACHE  
JOHN FITZPATRICK          JAMES HAYES  
BARBARA MCGEE            BEATRICE MARTIN  
LEON YARTER               MARGARET DONAVAN  
CAROL DAVENPORT          ANNA MURPHY  
MARY BRENNAN              BARBARA DONELSON  
EDWIN NELSON

### Faculty Advisors

SUSAN M. WILLIAMS  
HENRY J. CLANCY  
FRANK S. LIVERMORE

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## ATHLETICS

By MR. CLANCY

There is so little question regarding the value of physical exercise as an important factor in the physical and mental development and growth of our young men and women that it would seem unnecessary to attempt

to justify the existence of school athletics upon this ground.

Because, however, of the recent agitation regarding the value of physical education in our schools, by the many advocates of this form of instruction, we may be inclined to err in the belief that its adoption in school life is something new, and that it is another so-called "fad", adding one more subject to an already crowded and diversified curriculum. This, of course, is a false belief. We have only to recall the stories and history of the ancient Greeks to prove our point. Hundreds of years before the birth of Christ the Greeks devoted the afternoon of every school day to all forms of physical exercise, calisthenics, and dancing. This form of instruction was an integral part of the education of their youth. Not that they wished to develop professional athletes, but rather, that they believed in the development of a strong, beautiful, and healthy body. Physical education went hand in hand with the study of reading, music, poetry, philosophy, geometry, astronomy, rhetoric and science.



In order that school athletics be made to function properly, it is absolutely necessary that they be efficiently organized and supervised. An athletic association should be a group organization, with each member having equal rights and privileges. It should not serve primarily the few, who because of their athletic prowess "make the team," but should strive to make each individual in the organization an active participant in the various forms of athletic activities, that they might thereby receive the benefits derived from proper training of the body and intelligent coaching.

Our Men's Athletic Association will really be a representative school organization, only when each individual is made to feel that his rights and duties are equal to those of any other member, regardless of that member's athletic ability. At the present time, athletics in the majority of schools serve a small minority, who need this instruction least—that is, they serve the strong, healthy, athletically inclined student, and attention is focused upon his athletic development, while the under-developed student whose body and mind would derive great benefits from this exercise, is neglected entirely and deprived of the physical activity which would mean so much in his growth, development, and good health.

Every student in our school should be actively interested in athletics for several reasons: the love of the

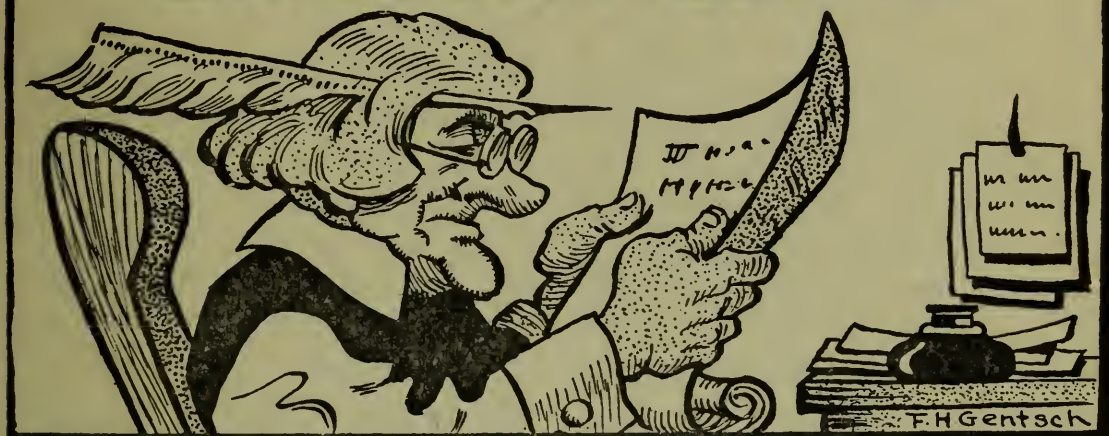
game, itself; the improvement of the body and mind, through proper exercise; or, as a future teacher, the ability and knowledge necessary to assume the responsibility of directing or supervising school athletic activities.

Whichever is the objective in the mind of the student engaged in athletics, many valued assets may be welded into his character, provided the supervision is such that it will encourage fair-play, co-operation, self sacrifice, vigor, health, and courtesy. Not in every athletic contest in which we engage do we emerge victorious; many times we are forced to accept defeat. So it is in the contest of life; and the ability to take this defeat in a good spirit is one of the greatest assets of our existence. Defeat is never a disgrace provided one's best has been done. "Not failure but low aim is crime." Don't quit, if you fail to make the school team; get out and work harder. You will be better for the experience, and will show yourself a good loser. Do not forget if you do make the team, that the success of your team and the reputation of your school are dependent upon your conduct. Never let the desire to add to your own glory detract from the success of the team. A team in order to be successful must realize the value of co-operation, the interest of the individual being subservient to the interests of the team. Take enough pride in your school and your team

(Continued on page 7)



# Editorials



## THE ATHLETIC INSTRUCTOR

By MISS LAWLER

The last issue of the Norma-Lite brought forth very acceptably some of the fine qualities gained thru the steady and conscientious participation in organized games and athletics.

The purpose of this brief article is to give a few suggestions to the teacher or leader who is responsible for the proper functioning of our school athletics. We will consider first, what is meant by athletics and second, why it is today included in the educational program of the elementary and secondary schools in Massachusetts.

In answer to the first question, I should say that athletics is a branch or phase of physical education constituting a form of activity by itself. The present day term applies to our popular games of football, basketball, baseball, and hockey as well as the specific field events such as

javelin throwing, running broad jumps, and track events.

In answer to the second question we find that there are three rather outstanding reasons. First, awakened interest in athletics is due to the fact that the war made it obvious that too large a number of our American youth had serious physical defects. Educators, realizing this, brought so much force to bear on our state legislature that it soon passed the law providing for physical education in our public schools. (No school with a well balanced course of physical culture omits organized athletics.) Second, the leisure time of the pupil or student is sufficient to call for some form of active recreation. Third, it is quite natural for a child to run, jump and throw; therefore, why not give him an opportunity to develop wisely these natural instincts?

Who is better fitted, outside the specialist, to organize and conduct the play and athletic feats than the trained individual or teacher? Con-

sequently, as a prospective teacher or leader, you have the responsibility either to carry on, or to provide for the proper handling of this subject.

How, then, can you best consider yourself equipped to meet this situation? If you have played "the game", that is, taken an active part in contests and tournaments, you can answer, in part; but for those of you who never have had this experience, let me offer these few simple suggestions:

1 Gain some knowledge of the subject, such as its organization, rules, technique, etc.

2 Be as strong and forceful as necessary in enforcing rules; never be easy; insist upon good sportsmanship.

3 Uphold all ideals of the game.

4 Bear in mind constantly the great opportunity for character development.

5 Keep in practice yourself.

6 Try to feel the same joy and pleasure the boy himself experiences upon making a home run or smashing a broad jump record.

7 Be frank and honest and hope for the confidence of your group.

8 Be optimistic, enthusiastic and sympathetic.

9 Encourage inter-scholastic contests among both sexes.

10 And again, never forget that the spirit or romance of the game or contest is what your pupils reflect from your leadership.

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*It is very quiet in Palmer Hall. It's so quiet you can hear the bed tick.*

## COURTESY

By BARBARA DONELSON

Courtesy is one of the surest proofs of good breeding, but its value is often either under-estimated or entirely overlooked. One does not have to be born of any particular stock to possess it for courtesy is first of all a matter of thoughtfulness and care. Sometimes the smallest kindnesses are most appreciated. Does it take much time to thank a person, to help someone on or off a car, to assist a stranger or an older friend? Yet these little services, graciously rendered, are long remembered, and we are judged by such little acts.

Let us never be deceived in the thought that our actions go unobserved, and let us never fail to extend courtesies whenever an opportunity is offered.

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## MY ACADEMIC BLUES

By BARBARA DONELSON

Bang! I threw my books fiercely upon my desk and sat down on a chair with a sullen growl. I was disgusted! Life seemed blue, for everything had gone wrong during the day. I was disgusted with the world and everyone in it and began to voice my opinions of life, school and the faculty in such language that I received orders from my room-mate to "shut up!"

So I smothered my grumblings, sat back in my chair and began to think. I continued to muse until I gazed upon the wall on which hung a picture which was, strange to say, one showing our dear Alma Mater.



Suddenly I looked at it again in amazement for I could not believe my eyes. There, within the doors of Normal Hall, was a little old man, with a face which simply held one's attention. Then, much to my surprise, the door opened and he walked out. Finally I blurted out, "Who are you?"

Then, with a voice as clear as a bell, he said, "I am the Spirit of Education. I dwell within the portals of old F. N. S. with my twin brother, Opportunity. We are here every day in all forms and manners ready to assist you. Many times you neglect us for our enemies, Waste o' Time and Ignorance. You desert us for them when you idle away your time and when you are not attentive to your lessons. We are here for your own good. Many times school life seems irksome. It is your own fault; be responsive to us and all will be pleasant. We dwell in institutions of learning all over this whole universe. Do not neglect us." With these words he drew back into the school and closed the door.

Bang! I awoke with a start. It had been only a dream. A voice from the next room inquired about the noise and upon looking down I made haste to pick up an overturned ink bottle, to apologize for the noise and at the same time to make a resolve not to neglect my education in the future. My academic blues were over!

## OUR TRIP TO BRIDGEWATER

By ANNA MURPHY

March 8, 1924 had finally arrived—the day we had set our hearts on—the goal for which we had practiced strenuously each day for six weeks. Yes! We were going to Bridgewater Normal to defend our honors at basket-ball. What a grand and glorious feeling it was! Were we not to be excused from four of our classes and have a lunch all by ourselves at 11:00 A. M.? And Mrs. Still was coming too! How merry we were as we left Normal at 11:15 to catch the 11:22 train but oh, what excitement at the station!

It was 11:22. The train was in, the boys there, of course, with Mr. Anthony, the five senior girls all set; but where were Miss Lawler and Mrs. Still with the tickets and incidentally the three junior members of the team? They had tried to appear so calm and steady; why did they not hurry? Mr. Anthony was hailing the brakeman, begging him to wait just a few seconds. Meanwhile the boys cheerfully consoled us with such words as "Such is woman," or "Did you ever know a woman to be on time?"

11:25 and the brakeman refused to wait any longer. Such agony we were suffering when around the corner came Miss Lawler and Mrs. Still at top speed. The juniors were still among the missing. At the toll of the bell all hopes for their arrival

vanished. Mrs. Still offered to wait and bring them along later.

Well, we were off, three-fourths of us at least, and a very pleasant journey we had as our captain reviewed with us the special points which must be observed in girls' rules.

About one o'clock we reached the big city of Boston and here the fun really began. "Jule" was quite excited about the high buildings and nearly lost her balance several times while gazing at them. "Babs" was afraid the elevated would fall over the sides and was quite sure she'd much rather walk. "Beansie" was busy trying to see how far he could push the crowd in the elevated while "Rochie" and "Scottie" saw to it that no fair damsels lost their way. "Joe" was lost somewhere in the crowd with "Bab's" bag but something seemed to tell us he'd turn up soon. "Fisky" and "Fitzie" saw to each others' comforts admirably. "Capt. Peg," Miss Lawler, Mrs. Still and Mr. Anthony played their parts well, acting as if traveling in a big city were a daily occurrence to them.

After wandering around the South Station for about an hour, Mr. Anthony discovered that our train for Bridgewater was about to leave, so we made a wild dash across the station and were barely in time to get a seat before the train started.

We finally arrived in Bridgewater. What a rousing reception! Each Fitchburg person was greeted by a

B. N. S. escort and from our first moment, we were sure of a wonderful time.

About four o'clock we arrived at the Normal School where we were received by the Dean of Women, and some of the faculty in a receiving line. From here we were taken to our respective rooms to wash up and supposedly to rest.

Babs and I, with a few Bridgewater girls, went over to visit the gym and to hear the school "jazz band" rehearse. After two minutes, however, we found ourselves succumbing to the call of King Jazz, and there we remained until dinner.

We were surprised to find the dining hall about twice the size of our own. It is an exceedingly immaculate room with its white ceilings and walls and round tables with white coverings. Place cards were arranged so that four Fitchburg and four Bridgewater people sat at a table. Cheering and singing soon began, with Bridgewater leading and F. N. S. responding. (Incidentally we were complimented on our good work by the B. N. S. supervisor of music.)

At 7:15 Miss Lawler rounded us up and marched us over to the gym where we received the pre-game lecture. Soon the game began. It was a game we shall never forget, for it was a perfect exemplification of good sportsmanship. (Incidentally we won.)

After watching the boys defeated by one point, we began to dance and



continued this until 11:45. We were then tired enough for bed but such was not the case, for each Bridgewater girl had planned something for her F. N. S. friend. It was a secret affair, but "Babs" and I happened to be in the same party, so we agreed to tell this much—There were eats and it was well past one o'clock when the party broke up. (From all reports, the young men engaged in somewhat similar pleasures.)

The next morning we were pleased to find a delightful breakfast prepared for us by the girls themselves. After this enjoyable repast, we found cars all ready to take us on a trip to Plymouth.

This was a most enjoyable ride for us since our driver, Mr. Shaw, who was a member of the B. N. S. faculty, pointed out and explained all points of interest to us while riding. Upon reaching Plymouth we were charmed with the wonderful sights and rare historical relics. We were able to procure much literature written on these relics, and we are keeping these, together with post cards as souvenirs of the event.

Upon our arrival back at B. N. S. we again enjoyed a bountiful meal. It was then time to get packed up ready to go. Finally, 'mid rousing cheers and good wishes, we bade farewell to our newly made B. N. S. friends.

Our trip home was even more pleasant than our trip there for when the roll was taken, even the juniors were all there. We arrived in Fitch-

burg about 5:55 P. M. just in time for another meal. A happy yet a tired group were we and there's one thing certain—whatever happens, as long as we have our memory, never can we forget our wonderful trip to Bridgewater. Three cheers for B. N. S.!

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(Continued from page 2)

### ATHLETICS

to keep yourself in the best of physical condition that you may always do your best.

Someone has very correctly and succinctly stated that athletics, when efficiently supervised, offer the finest opportunity we have in the schools for developing the moral and social character traits which are so necessary for good citizenship. In the game, the student learns his own capabilities and the capabilities of his team-mates, his own rights and the rights of others. Unsocial traits, such as lack of co-operation, are punishable.

Our school athletics should be based upon these higher ideals of social development, rather than those of simply winning games or making a team. It is a very easy matter to be a good winner, but it requires greater self-control and a finer character to be a good loser. Character, moral stamina, and courage are indeed virtues which we are all desirous of attaining. They are needed by our citizens of today fully as much as by our forefathers. It is for athletics which tend to develop these powers that we should lend our support and encouragement; having every teacher, and prospective teacher feel it his duty to keep himself physically fit that he may be of greater value to himself and his community, both as a citizen and a teacher.



# Literary

Great men have been among us; hands have penned and tongues have uttered  
wisdom—*Wadsworth*

## DOES IT PAY?

By BEATRICE T. MARTIN

Mary Leslie entered the house softly so that she wouldn't disturb the sleeping family, and tip-toed to her room. Without undressing she threw herself on the bed sobbing.

Her door was opened softly and a sweet faced, gray haired mother entered. She stood still a moment surveying the convulsed form of her child, then hastening forward she gathered her into her arms.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered tenderly, "Didn't you have a good time at the reception?"

Mary snuggled into the protecting arms.

"Mother, dearest, I don't think it pays! No, I know it doesn't pay! It isn't fair! It isn't right!"

"My dear, what is the trouble? Tell mother, sweetheart, and we'll try to fix it."

Mrs. Leslie dried the tears from Mary's eyes and held her at arm's length. With an effort Mary controlled her sobs.

"Mother, I had a wretched time tonight, and it's my graduation reception, too! I sat out about half the dances, and you know how I love to dance. Then Bert only danced once with me. Really my heart is aching and I feel as if I had just as soon be dead as live this kind of life, if it weren't for you and Dad. It just doesn't pay!"

"What do you mean, Mary, when you say that it doesn't pay?"

"Well, you have always taught me to be refined and never to be forward towards the boys, not to smoke, drink or go on petting parties, haven't you?"

"Why of course, honey."

"The other girls in my set do, all but Caroline, and the boys are always rushing them. You never see them sitting out half the dances. There's Selah Bates; you know how fast she is. I didn't see her sit out one dance and Bert just hung around her all the evening. I can't bear it! I don't believe it pays to be good!"

"Mary, dear, listen to me. It certainly does pay to be good!"



These boys may choose the girls who haven't high moral standards but only as playthings. Do you believe that such a girl can command the respect of the boys she goes with?"

"N — o" Mary admitted, though rather faintly.

"Of course not! And could you keep your self-respect if you did as Selah and the other girls do?"

"I know I couldn't. But they have a better time than I do."

"Yes, maybe they do, dear, for the time being but there will come a time when they will realize that they are playing a losing game. No girl who loses her self-respect can ever be truly happy. As for the boys, they are not worth bothering about if their standards aren't any higher than that. When they wake up and realize that the girl who leads a good, clean, wholesome life is the one worth bothering with and that good, clean, wholesome companions are far better than those who lower their morals instead of elevating them, it will be a happy day for the whole world. They do not seem to realize that by paying so much attention to the unprincipled girl and neglecting the good girls that they are tempting good girls to lower their standards and lose sight of their ideals. It takes a brave person with plenty of courage to live up to high ideals nowadays, but it certainly does pay!"

"Never mind, sweetheart, someday a man more worthy than Bert

will come, and true love is worth waiting for."

"Mother, dearest, you do make me feel so much better! I'll remember what you have said and try to be brave though it hurts to be neglected so."

"I'm so thankful I have such a sweet, sensible daughter! Selah's mother was telling me yesterday that she was nearly sick worrying over Selah and the way she is acting. She does look bad, and I believe her heart is breaking for she loves Selah so."

Mrs. Leslie tucked Mary in bed, kissed her, then went to finish her night's rest.

Soon Mary was lost in a land of wonderful dreams where she reigned as Queen.

Although Mary wasn't very popular with the boys, she was loved by all the girls for her kindness and gentle ways. She was a lover of all sports, especially out-door sports and spent many happy hours with her friends in this way. The boys liked her, but as one of them said, "She's a nice girl but too nice to have a good time with. Now if she was like Selah — well, there might be something doing."

The next day while Mary was playing the piano, Caroline Westly, her dearest girl friend, rushed in all out of breath.

"Oh, Mary, what do you think!" she exclaimed.

"Why I might think lots of things by the way you are panting. Are kidnappers after you?"

"Silly, of course not! Its something nice. You remember my telling you of my cousin Jack Hartland? Well, he is going to start practicing law with father. I know you will like him!"

"Really! I know I will like him if he is the kind of man you told me he was. But he will be just like the others, I suppose."

"Of course he isn't! Believe me, he has more sense than any two of the fellows around here!"

"Well, I won't start worrying for a while anyway," answered Mary with a laugh, "Is he here yet?"

"No, but he is coming tomorrow and Friday night we're going to hold a reception in his honor and, of course, you are invited."

"But, Caroline, dear, I don't care to go. I would like to meet your cousin but I've had enough of receptions."

"Oh, but you've just got to come to this one!"

After much persuasion Mary consented to go.

Friday night came all too soon for Mary who dreaded to be again exposed to the humiliation she had felt at her Senior Reception. For her friend's sake she gathered courage and when Caroline's brother came, she was ready.

As she descended the stairs, Harold Westly gazed at her in admiration.

"Gee, Mary, but you sure do look stunning! Wish we could change ages. Believe me, these 'dubs'

around here wouldn't have a chance. They must walk with their eyes shut."

"Just don't make me vain, please," answered Mary with a twinkle in her eye, "If you were older, you'd be just like the others."

"Just give me a few more years and I'll show them what 'dumb-bells' they are!" It could be plainly seen that Harold was sincere, but whether or not he would do what he said was another matter.

Upon arriving at the Westly's home, Mary was greeted with enthusiasm by members of the family. As she entered the reception room, she saw a handsome chap in earnest conversation with Selah.

"There!" said Caroline in disgust, "I told mother not to invite Selah, but she considered it a social obligation as she is so friendly with Mrs. Bates. Now see what has happened! Just what I thought! She appears so sweet and innocent when she wants to be. I'm going to send Harold to bring him over."

Selah and Jack Hartland were so engaged in their conversation that they did not hear anyone approach.

"Pardon me, Jack," Harold spoke rather quickly.

Jack gave a start, then turned to face him.

"What can I do for you, old man?" he asked with his engaging smile.

"Sister would like to have you meet her friend."

"Oh, I'll be right there."



Jack excused himself and went with Harold, promising to come back to Selah as soon as possible.

"Ah," thought Selah, "he certainly is handsome and clever. I've made pretty good progress so far by all appearances. I hope he's got lots of loose cash and not only his looks to bank on.

When Jack reached Mary's side, he was still thinking of Selah and was anxious to return to her. He hardly noticed Mary after the introduction and seemed impatient to get away. Mary tactfully excused herself, and Jack hurried back to Selah.

Mary smiled sadly as she walked away, but Caroline was angry.

"The very idea! I thought he had brains, but wait until he knows her better and if he is the man I think he is, Miss Selah won't stand a chance!"

Shortly after the dancing started, Bert asked Mary for a dance. She wondered why she didn't feel the same thrill she had felt when he used to ask her for a dance. Something had changed. Now she could see clearly that spiritual beauty was much more to be prized than physical beauty.

The next dance she had with Jack. Soon they were lost in a dreamy waltz. Jack danced divinely and Mary was a partner well suited to him.

During the dance Jack and Mary became better acquainted. They found that they were both interested

in a great many of the same kind of things, especially sports. They planned a ski-ing party for the next Sunday afternoon.

Later Jack asked Selah to join them but that young lady shrugged her shoulders and answered disdainfully, "Ski-ing! Why I never had a pair on. When you want to go to a regular party though, let me know."

Jack couldn't tell just why he didn't like what Selah said, but it struck harshly on his ears.

Selah again exerted herself and had Jack engaged in conversation.

That Sunday afternoon a merry crowd of boys and girls, including Mary and Jack, went on the ski-ing party. There was much laughter and merry-making as they set out. Races, tag and other stunts helped to keep the party in a lively mood. After going a number of miles, knapsacks were opened and weenies, bacon, bread, pickles, fruit, cake, and marshmallows were produced as well as some thermos bottles of steaming coffee. Everyone became busy collecting wood and soon a blazing fire was started. Then the fun of roasting weenies and bacon began. While they cooked, they all sang merrily. Everything tasted twice as good as usual, and the golden brown marshmallows they toasted, just put the finishing touches to the meal.

When they returned home, everyone declared he had had the best time ever.

A few nights later, Jack was invited to go with Selah and her friends on what she termed "a regular party."

There were three couples, and they went in a "Marmon" to a road house where Selah declared, "You can get the best eats and drinks at this joint! They'll make your mouth water."

On the way cigarettes were passed, and the girls smoked with the boys. All talked and laughed loudly and jokes were told that wouldn't be allowed in the best of society. Jack was a little disgusted, but, being with the crowd, tried to overlook things.

At last the roadhouse was reached and they were ushered to a private dining-room where the table was spread in readiness. During the meal wine flowed freely but Jack drank very little. He was surprised at the amount the girls drank. The actions of the whole party were riotous and a true gentleman like Jack couldn't help feeling repulsion. He was glad when it was over and they were on their way home. Jack was the only one fit to drive, and he insisted on taking the wheel. It was a noisy party that drove back to town early the next morning.

When Jack left Selah at her door she said, "That's my idea of a regular party!"

"I am very disappointed in your 'regular party,'" Miss Bates. Truly I had no idea that you meant the kind of a party we had tonight. Good night." Jack very coolly tipped his hat and walked away.

Selah gazed after him in amazement. This man, whom she had set her heart on winning didn't care for her kind of parties. She could hardly believe it. Then the truth dawned upon her — she had lost him!

With a smothered cry she ran into the house and to her room. She threw herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break, because, she had grown to care a great deal for Jack. It was the one real love she had ever known. Beside this great loss, all the parties and pleasures she had considered necessary for happiness turned to ashes and now they seemed void of all pleasure.

As Jack walked home, he contrasted the ski-ing party and the one he had just attended, much preferring the clean, outdoor ski-ing party. He also compared Mary and Selah. He thought how much finer Mary was and decided she was worth knowing better.

Jack became more and more interested in Mary from that time. One night Mary came running into the living-room, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck exclaimed, "Mother, dearest, it does pay to be good!" As she said this, she held up her left hand, where, on one particular finger flashed a beautiful diamond.

Jack's ring — her reward.

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*Miss O'Toole:* (speaking of something humorous) "It's funny because it's just like us."



## AFTER NORMAL—WHAT?

By BARBARA MCGEE

"Not for me," said Dot vehemently, "I am through with theories, themes and theses the moment my right hand clutches the sheepskin. Shows, parties, and dances for mine!"

"I agree," came from Hazel and Helen simultaneously.

"Well, of course I understand your point of view, Dot, but still I believe you'll change your mind before a year is up. You'll soon tire of shows and dances." This from Betty who seemed so thoughtful.

Here the discussion ended. However, it had made an impression on the subconscious mind of at least one casual observer of the merry group and the result was this literary attempt.

Just what are our ideas for that dim, hazy, rose-beclouded future when we shall be "teachers," to all outward appearances, at any rate, and the rules and regulations of the Normal School no longer require observance? Shall we drop, immediately, all semblance of study and self improvement and consider ourselves competent individuals? Or shall we lock ourselves and personalities within the interests of our profession and let the requirements of a third, fourth, or fifth grade encompass our world? Both ways have been followed and neither have succeeded in producing aggressive, competent, successful teachers and such we have yet to become.

I do not know of any Normal school which guarantees to provide any individual with these qualities. Experience, actual use of theory and method, is the only means for acquiring these traits, and that is the field we are entering upon. Our "preparation" is complete. The ground has been softened, and the seeds sown. Now begins the process of growing: the process of learning. The lesson has just begun.

It cannot hurt any of us, and will help all except self-satisfied individuals who consider themselves as "teachers" after a two year Normal course, to ask ourselves "After Normal—What?"

Let's learn to be real teachers, in mind, body, and spirit; teachers helping to make "lives" instead of a "living."

## JOYS OF BRAVE COMMUTERS

By MARY V. BRENNAN

6:45 A. M. "Kitty, get up, quick! It's five minutes of seven, and you know that train goes at 7:12."

"Yes, mother, — right away." And they all, in their respective soft downy beds, rolled over for another wink, as did Kitty.

And after their respective winks they hopped up and were soon flying toward the railroad station via the meadows and marshes which are known as modern "short-methods." Very prepossessing apparitions they are with their doughnuts in one hand and their loose-leaf notebooks mingling with the belts and sleeves of

their coats, in the vicinity of the other. And we, dear readers, are quite willing to admit that the notebooks were "loose-leaf!"

7:13 A. M. Puff! Puff! Breathe on, O brave commuters! Or is it the steaming breath of the puffing engine which makes the most noise? There is some slight doubt as to this fact. That mighty black engine is moving! Each commuter rushes for the last coach, wishing he could whistle "Linger Awhile." But, lack of breath makes this feat impossible.

Then comes the inevitable rush for a seat. Usually the vacant chairs are few and far between. If there is one, three weary bodies fall gracefully into it. Here comes the conductor.

"Oh, where did I put my ticket? Mine was in my pocket. Mine is in my notebook. Oh, great Cataline, I've lost mine. Just a moment please. Yes, here it is. Thank you." And so the worthy ones proceed onward to "Education." Sometimes the engine breaks down and sometimes the poor, abused commuters miss their train connections.

8:30 A. M. Fitchburg! Fitchburg! One mad rush toward the back door. Occasionally, a slip of the foot indicates no slip of the mind. And a human mass sprawls over the cold hard ground.

8:35 A. M. North Street is now the scene where many ambitious individuals do their daily dozen.

8:45 A. M. Intermission.

Six Glorious Classes.

3:30 P. M. "O horrors! I can't find my hat. Say, who appropriated my dime's worth of white composition paper? Where's my scarf? Where hath my little locker-key gone?"

Such are the comments, punctuated with wails and groans, issuing from our locker-room. Then another daily dozen is executed, in double quick time.

Once in a while some poor unfortunate arrives at the station in time to see the dear Boston train swing around the curve. Gone, but not forgotten! As always, Luck will reign supreme.

6:00 P. M. Home and Mother.

## AN EXCITING CONTEST

By BARBARA DONELSON

"All come and watch the great peanut race between Mr. Smalley and Mr. Bigg," laughed our jolly hostess when we had gathered for an evening of real fun.

I, among many others, hastened to watch one of the most exciting races I ever witnessed. There at one end of the room stood Mr. Bigg and Mr. Smalley each before a plate of peanuts on a table. At the other end of the room were two chairs, and the object of the race was to see who could carry his peanuts on the blade of a knife from the plate to one of the chairs first, not using their hands to touch the peanuts.

One, two, three, go!

Mr. Bigg, a very nervous man, no less than six feet in height and



about as fat as a broomstick, worked in vain to get a peanut on his knife.

Mr. Smalley, an extremely short and fat man with a little fat laughing face, quickly balanced a peanut on his knife and waddled as fast as possible toward the other end of the room. I was a little alarmed at the swiftness with which he moved, for I had never seen him move faster than a snail. Again he picked up a peanut and carried it safely to the chair.

Meanwhile Mr. Bigg was becoming very nervous. His long face was very red as he toiled diligently at his task. At last he got the peanut on his knife and started with it. In the middle of the floor he dropped it, much to his dismay, I thought by his looks. It took him nearly five minutes to pick it up and bear it safely to its destination. All this time Mr. Smalley had been almost running back and forth, and his peanuts were nearly all carried to the chair. This was his unlucky time, however, and his peanut dropped from the knife to the floor. Now he found himself quite exhausted, and when he picked the peanut up on his knife he realized his helpless position. If he rolled over to get up, the peanut would roll off the knife and if he sat there, Mr. Bigg would certainly — for his luck had come, and he was making up for lost time.

At last Mr. Smalley put down the peanut on the knife again and managed to get up.

He would certainly win after

all — for this was his last peanut. He hastened across the room and just as he started to drop his last peanut in the chair, Mr. Bigg reached out his terribly long arm and dropped his last peanut in the chair first. Mr. Bigg had won!

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### FALL IN

If you're out of step with the world,  
 today,  
 And the atmosphere seems of a dull blue  
 gray —  
 Out of step with the line that is wending  
 its way  
 Up the heights of the present day,  
 Forgetting the plains of yesterday;  
 If you're out of step with the world,  
 I say —  
 Lift up your chin,  
 Put on a grin,  
 And — "fall in"!

---

### I WONDER WHY

All the Romeos are so happy.  
 The girls detest us P. A. men.  
 Wink Hurlbut likes the girls.  
 Cap Yarter doesn't care for the girls.  
 We don't have more vacations.  
 Hilbert is never seen with women.  
 Corcoran stays away from Palmer Hall.  
 All the girls love Fitzpatrick.  
 The faculty B. B. team doesn't play the varsity.  
 Luke and Stan want to work in New Bedford.  
 We don't get "dorms" for the men.  
 Mr. Kirkpatrick doesn't grow old.  
 Mr. Randall thinks the campus is a home for angle-worms.  
 Mrs. Still is so nice.  
 Ruth Fiske goes into trances.  
 We can't satisfy everyone.

## REMEMBER THE CLASSICS

By CAROL DAVENPORT

Everyone will agree that the modern age is an age of specialization, and that efficiency is the keystone of our span of life. The road to success is not a haphazard thoro'fare but a clearly defined highway stretching almost from the cradle to the grave.

The vehicle chosen by those of us at Normal is teaching. We are primarily interested in the education of our future citizens. To fit ourselves for this work we must not only have a knowledge of the subjects which we are to teach but also a knowledge of the outside conditions of the world. We must not consider our missions completed when we fit the children in our care for a successful career. We must know and realize that success is not the only thing in life; that success is false unless we also attain and enjoy happiness.

Before we can teach the attainment and appreciation of happiness, we must first analyze it. Happiness is a complex sensation and is best defined as follows: Happiness is a pleasant state of mind. Our problem, then, is to create this state of mind in the child. We must give the child an appreciation of the finer things of life. These so-called finer things of life are bound up in the classics which have endured through the ages. Without this knowledge of things our children find recreation

as best they can and thus a jazz age has arisen.

In the old school, the younger children learned the three "Rs," and higher education consisted of the classical languages, astronomy, mathematics etc. There was little or no specialization that excluded the study of the classics. The children of today do not need to study the dead languages to appreciate them. There are many translations of these early writings, and many copies of early art and music to be had. We, as teachers, should create the desire in the child to know more about these classics and to appreciate them. If we teach the child the meaning of true happiness, this age of jazz will disappear almost as quickly as it sprang into existence. Science has given us many labor-saving devices, yet we have not progressed in art, literature or letters to any degree in the last half century.

We need the classics and it is for us, the teachers, to return them to their proper place in the lives and hearts of our children.

This is the age of specialization. Specialization means efficiency. Efficiency means success. Success is empty without happiness. Happiness is bound up in the classics. Therefore, remember the classics.

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*"Cap" Yarter* was calling on his best girl. "You are the light of my soul." Her father (from above) "Put that light out."





A strong body is one of man's greatest assets

## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

By JOHN FITZPATRICK

The boys of F. N. S. manifested their interest and enthusiasm in basket ball when they responded to the call for candidates at the opening of the season. Roche, captain, led the boys well. Under the careful instruction and assistance of Mr. Schulte, the able coach, a team of five was finally picked.

As forward and captain Rocky was ever an able an inspiring leader. From here, there, or anywhere, Rocky's shots were sure and accurate. Not too little credit can be given him.

Playing with Rocky was Dick. In Dick we had a most remarkable shot and general all 'round player. Dick was always "there" when needed and was the hero of many a game.

Scotty is that dashing quick guard whom we have heard so much about. Many were the times when Scotty's clever shots called forth loud applause from the bleachers.

Joe, at guard, was a fast and sure asset to the team. Playing his posi-

tion well at back, he was still on hand and ready when the time came for a clever slip into the forward position and the making of a basket.

Beansy was our flashy, steady, reliable guard. What would the team have been without Beansy? His excellent playing at both guard and forward were the harbingers of many compliments for Beansy.

Last, but by far not the least, we have Spatts. Always ready with a clever pass or a dribble down to the forwards, Spatts was ready at every moment. His smile and genial hand shake of good-fellowship to all opponents were commendable.

Not too little credit can be given the second team who were, in a large sense, responsible for the success of the first team.

Thanks are also in order for Mr. Schulte whose kindness, perseverance and excellent coaching were undeniably the team's basis for victory.

*Young lady:* (hearing a bird) Isn't that a woodpecker?

*Young man:* Yes. That's why Jimmy O. is keeping his hat on.

## OUR GIRLS' TEAM

By MARGARET DONAVAN

The girls of F. N. S. had a most interesting and exciting as well as successful basketball season this year. More than seventy girls appeared early in January and from these were chosen eight junior and four senior teams.

Again the teams were sifted and one team was chosen to represent the school. This team was made up of Margaret Coombs, captain and guard; Julia O'Brien, guard; Margaret Mather, center guard; Barbara Donelson, forward; Anna Murphy, forward; and Ruth Fiske, forward.

"Peg" Coombs made a very successful captain and an excellent guard. She excelled in passing and played all around her forward.

"Jule" O'Brien played a very prominent part in all the games and outplayed her opponents always even though many were taller than she.

Margaret Mather, at center, usually outjumped her opponent. Her passwork was good and Margaret was a mighty successful guard.

"Barb" Donelson was the outshining star of the team for she could make baskets from any point on the floor. She always kept her guard working hard but, guard or no guard, "Barb" always sent the ball where she wanted it to go.

Anna Murphy, "Murph," was the center forward and played a good game. She was a good point getter and kept her guard busy.

Ruth Fiske, "Fisky" played a fine game at forward. She was very quick and seemed to be everywhere at the right time.

Much credit must be given to the substitutes who, day after day, came out to practice and helped to make the varsity team stronger by their fine playing. There were "Peg" Meegan, Helen Flannery, Alice Tanner, "Ros" O'Neil, Marion Ray, Thelma Bohaker, Eleanor Pratt, Mary Carroll and "Peg" Donavan. Nine rah's for the substitutes!

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## HIKING

By BARBARA DONELSON

Who are the hikers? Were I to write here the names of all our staunch hikers, you would be reading for hours. It is sufficient to say that they are the best, the pepiest and the most loyal bunch of girls in F. N. S.

Hiking, from the first, keenly interested the majority of the girls. Many long and beautiful hikes were taken by the girls together and happy hikes they were.

At the end of the season monograms were given those girls who hiked two hundred fifty miles and numerals to those who hiked one hundred twenty-five miles. When the coveted numerals or monograms were received, the girls were proud to wear them as symbolic of the happy times together.

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Miss Lawler: Spread out, Miss Flynn. ! ? ! ? !



## TENNIS

By FRANCIS R. ROACHE

Tennis is coming into its own more and more each day. It is a game by which anyone can keep physically and mentally fit. At Normal where we are limited in the way of an Athletic Field, tennis is an excellent sport by which we may do this.

The year of 1924 should be a big one here at Normal for Tennis. It has been planned to run off a series of tournaments, consisting of one for the women, one for the men and probably one to be a mixed tournament. It has been proven that we have many skilled wielders of the racquet in our midst. Who knows how many Tildens and Lenglens we may produce here in this year of 1924? Our present Senior Class, from what we have seen, seems to have a slight edge on the Juniors, but the tournaments alone will tell.

Last year there was much dissatisfaction as to the signing up of the courts. It has been suggested this year to have a joint committee of both men and women who will make arrangements for the signing up of the courts. If everyone shows the proper amount of co-operation, there is no reason why the courts cannot be utilized to their fullest extent and to the satisfaction of all.

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## BASEBALL

By JAMES HAYES

Baseball has come into its own at F. N. S. and is now considered a

major sport. For this reason our boys have been much interested.

Our team this year has been coached by Mr. Paul Gilmartin who was an exceptional coach and leader. His interest and enthusiasm were, in a large way, responsible for the same kind of a team.

The boys who held down the various positions can receive only admiring words for their work. Enthusiastic, willing workers they were and they, each and every member of the team, deserve the best for their untiring efforts in the interest of their school.

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## BOWLING

By MARY O'TOOLE

On March 25, the bowling season opened. There was a great deal of enthusiasm shown among both seniors and juniors. It was decided that our future bowling champions should practice at the Central Bowling Alleys. During the first days of practice about fifty girls appeared. Many of these had never bowled before and they tripped happily along, little dreaming of the lame backs and stiff limbs which are the usual result of the first day of bowling.

Picture one of these light hearted damsels stepping up to one of the alleys gazing down its shining expanse and saying "Oh, that's easy! Of course, I can hit those little sticks!" She bravely picks up a ball, aims it carefully, and sends it on down the alley. With bated

breath, everyone watches the fate of the ball as it rolls steadily down and ends in the gutter guarding the alley.

There is a look of hurt surprise on our heroine's face as she picks up the ball again. After rolling up her sleeves, she hurls the ball viciously. On rushes the ball. It hits the middle pins like a demon of destruction and one after the other the pins all go down.

"Why you made a 'spare' " says one of the more experienced bowlers. "Did I?" asks our heroine, "Well I knew I could anyway."

And this is the spirit they all showed. They never grew discouraged but always rolled their sleeves and went in to win. That is the reason why we had so many good bowlers doing credit to us this year.

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## THE PRACTICAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

By EDWIN NELSON

The Practical Arts Department of our school was first introduced through the initiative of Principal John G. Thompson in 1909, when he and other educators of the state realized that there was a need for a new kind of manual training. Mr. Anthony was engaged to conduct the activities of our department from its infancy, and each year finds it better equipped and better able to serve the student teachers. It prepares the young men for teaching the different phases of manual arts to boys in grade, Junior High, Senior High

and Continuation schools. The old idea of two years and three summer terms was abolished this year, and the straight three-year course is now in vogue and expected to work out successfully.

The students are given a thorough condensed training in the Print Shop, Metal Shop, Woodworking Shop, Woodfinishing Shop and in Mechanical Drawing with practice in one or more of the shops, the pupils being of Junior High School age. It is not expected that a student will become a tradesman after a course in a shop, but he must acquire an insight into all of them so that he will be able to teach the simple construction to the boys. By the somewhat novel idea of class discussions and conferences, the student has many obstacles cleared away beforehand when the experience of one might serve as the example by which all might profit. Remedies are always found and the conference might well be called the "family doctor," for the student teacher. Each succeeding year finds new activities and better advantages for the entering Practical Arts student, and those graduating are well qualified to fill the positions that await them out in the field.

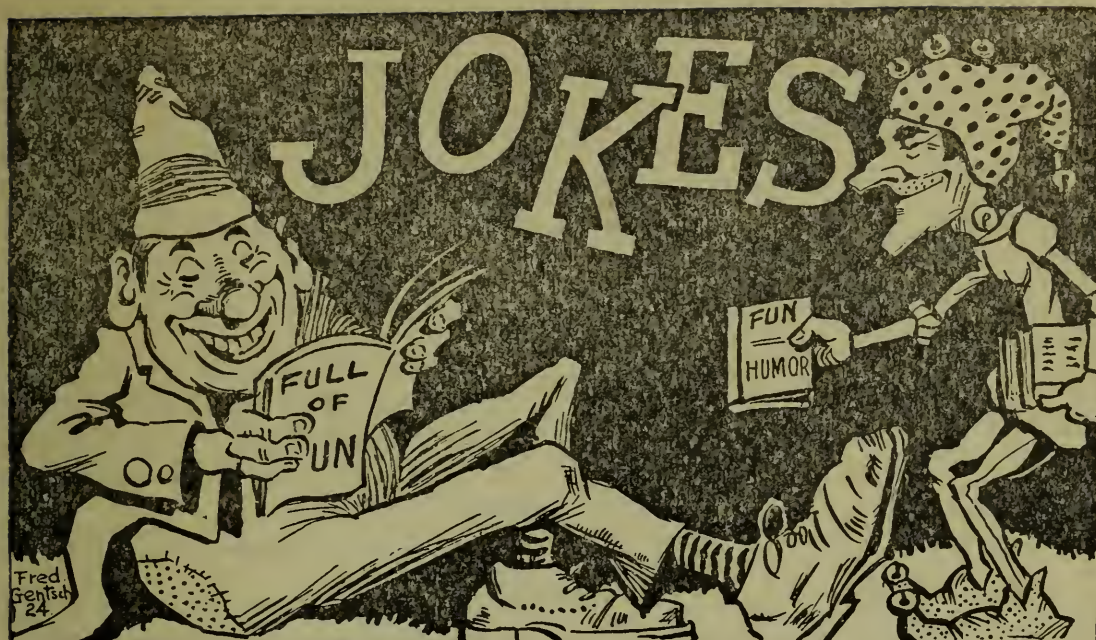
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*Jimmie Fryer:* (speaking of cars) I have a Ford. What kind have you?

*Mr. Clancy:* I have a Hudson.

*Jimmie Fryer:* Huh! That's a good car too.





If one thing more than others is peculiar  
to you,  
If oddities of some sort are eternally in  
view,  
If here you've seen engraven things you  
must admit are true,  
Don't take offense,  
But grin with sense,  
Satan gets his due.

### HOW TO TELL OUR FAMOUS P. A. MEN

Cap Yarter by his  
Let's bum to Winchendon  
Stan Kruszyna by his  
Oh! It aint up to me!  
Tommy Carr by his  
I'll be back in an hour, boys.  
Charlie Kilpatrick by his  
Now, when I was in the service.  
Winx Hurlburt by his  
I'm the only bachelor  
Eddie Stebbins by his  
I'll betcha  
John McNally by his  
I'm only going to stay a few  
minutes(?)  
Joe Gilligan by his  
Now, Brother, I'll tell you.

Handsome Larry by his  
You ought to see Chuck, the  
Pup, Kitty, etc.

Jimmy O'Sullivan by his  
How about my jumpers?

Jerry Gingras by his  
I never did live on a farm.

Joe Rabouin by his  
Oh, you're good.

Stewart Scott by his  
Did you hear the joke about the  
tables?

Jack Healey by his  
I've got to go home and do my  
geometrics.

Henry Wagner by his  
My first name's Henry what's  
yours?

Jack Conry by his  
She thinks the world of me.

Paul Leslie by his  
I'll take you this year if you'll  
take me next.

Jonko King by his  
Go out with your women.

Phil Belisle by his  
What I'm driving at is ---

Spatts Leland by his  
Oh, my rhematiz!

**GUESS WHO?**

Edith Pepper  
 Jonko Queen  
 Eleanor Slow  
 Tommy Automobile  
 Mary Swamp  
 Carol Couch  
 Peg Tightly  
 Charles White  
 Grace Weekly  
 Eddie Stebbouts  
 Frances Wavy  
 Ferdy Sixpence  
 Olive Carbuncle  
 Donald Rock  
 Helen Furry  
 Timmy Hehan  
 Margaret Comery  
 Sheik Mountainbert  
 Rosamond O'Stood  
 Charles Ruggy  
 Marion Stew  
 Jimmy Baker  
 Stella Sheepsdaughter  
 Phil Besilk  
 Mary Tragedy  
 Rachel Horseoff  
 Mrs. Noisy  
 Miss Badgirl  
 Miss Tomsdaughter  
 Mr. Mcdirty

---

E. Mannix was the laziest girl in Miller Hall. So Marshie was to be forgiven when she spoke to Ellen somewhat hotly.

"Say, kid," she ejaculated, "you're too lazy to die."

"No, Marshie," answered Ellen, turning over on the other side. "But when I die, I hope I die at six o'clock in the morning."

"How come six o'clock?"

"Because that'll be one Morning I won't have to dress for breakfast."

**WISE PROVERBS OF  
HENRY THE I**

DEDICATED TO BOZO HOLT AND GUS  
LARSON

It's a wise Ford that knoweth its latest owner.

A cigar in time often saves a fine.

A friend in need and a friend indeed is one who pays for the gas.

It's a long road to Whalom but we'll get there.

A coasting Ford consumeth no gas.

Fords rush in where real cars fear to tread.

**THINGS WE NEVER DO —**

Look tough — Jack King

Ask questions — Gabriella

Study — Bee Martin

Talk — Anybody

Parler Francais — Miss Grammont

Look up to anyone — Ruth Sullivan

Crack a smile — Beansy O'Toole

Go to church — Mr. Parkinson

Sweep — Mr. Taylor

Flirt — Kitty Wilcox

Walk streets — Everybody

---

Spacky was feeling particularly imaginative the day we discussed Queen Elizabeth and she told us that —

Queen Elizabeth's mother died when she was but a child of three??

Queen Elizabeth was temperamental and tough to suitors!!!!!!

---

*Kitty:* Why tip your hat to that girl? You don't know her!

*Stan:* No. But Tommy does and this is his hat!



## TO MR. HARRINGTON

We advise you to use auto suggestion when you are called away from class for a few moments. Let us help you with this — “My class is in perfect order, they never deceive me, my joy runneth over, surely goodness and mercy”, etc. etc.

## HOW TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR ROOMMATE

Always have on hand her size of dresses, shoes and hose.

Always have a freshly laundered waist ready for her to wear (out).

Always be a good listener; that is, — always be glad to hear what wonderful fellows there are at home, how much better they do things at home, how wonderful Joe is etc.

Slip her out her breakfast any morning she wishes to sleep.

If you're not entirely worn out, get a single room next year!

## DO YOU KNOW THAT

Joe Rabouin expects to grow?

The Arrow Collar Co. wants John Fitzpatrick's picture for their ads?

Winx Hurlburt is engaged to a North Adams girl?

James Dolan is naturally quiet?

Eddie Stebbins always minds his own business?

Mae Blass gets tired of talking?

Corcoran likes his new hat?

Jim Kielty is a woman hater?

Wagners first name is Henry?

The Berkshire Hills are “God's Country?”

We need an athletic field and a men's dormitory?

## WHEN YOU COME TO F. N. S. DON'T

Try to keep track of Quirk's latest crush.

Associate with the faculty. You might ruin your reputation.

Ever refuse a bid to a dance. They're rare.

Think our teachers sentimental when they talk about their “i-dears.”

Get the impression that Corcoran owns the school.

Pay your class or athletic dues to the first important looking person you meet. It might be Davenport.

Go to assembly. It's mere form and not expected of any one.

*Miss Boyle* — What are the names of the Great Lakes?

*Willie* — I dunno.

*Miss Boyle* — Can't you keep them in your head?

*Willie* — I might get water on the brain.

\* \* \* \*

*Helen Dempsey* (to eighth grade class) — Willie refused an apple. What is Willie?

*Henry* — Must have been an awful nut.

\* \* \* \*

*Mary*: I can't stand kissing, can you?

*Joe*: I never could. Shall we find a seat?

